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HARRIS

MY SON DIANA

BOSTON

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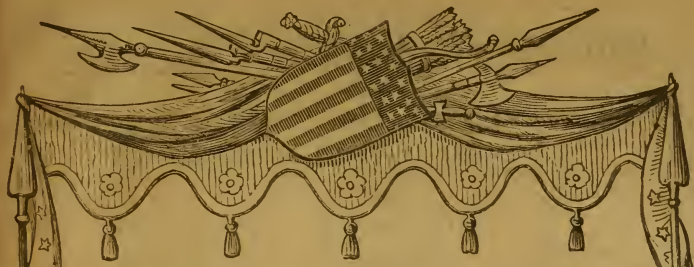

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SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE.....No. CXXXIII.

MY SON DIANA.

A FARCE

IN ONE ACT.

WRITTEN BY

A. HARRIS, Esquire,

AUTHOR OF

The Little Treasure—Too Much of a Good Thing—Betty Martin—Doing the Hansom—The Avalanche—Jeannette's Wedding—Ruth Oakley, Etc. Etc.

WITH ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

BOSTON:
WILLIAM V. SPENCER,
123 Washington Street.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Haymarket, London, May 25th, 1857.	*Arch Street, Phila.,* 1857.		
MR. CARRAWAY CULPEPPER, - - - -	Mr Chippendale.	Thayer.		
MR. SEPTIMUS SMITH, - - - - - - -	Mr. J. B. Buckstone.	J. S. Clarke.		
JOHN (Servant to Culpepper) - - - -	Mr. Clark.	Stearns.		
DIANA (Culpepper's Daughter) - - -	Miss M. Oliver.	Anna Cruise.		
LOUISA, (Culpepper's Niece) - - - -	Miss E. Sabine.	Emma Taylor.		

Time,—the present. Time of representation,—41 minutes.

COSTUME.

CULPEPPER.—Military undress frock, buttoned up to the chin, blue trousers, red side seams, large moustachios and whiskers and walking stick.
SMITH.—Plum colored Shanghai Frock, very broad check vest. French grey trousers, black side seams, yellow cravat, white hat pink, white and blue striped socks. 2nd black pumps, scarlet cravat.
JOHN.—Drab cut away coat, striped vest, drab breeches and gaiters, white cravat.
DIANA—1st dress velveteen shooting coat, check vest and trousers, wide-awake hat.—riding whip, gun and hunting equipments.
2nd dress. An elegant evening dress.
LOUISA.—Modern walking dress.

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MY SON DIANA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A comfortably Furnished Apartment in a Country house,* 3 & 5 G. *Centre door opening upon a park, set doors* R. & L. 1 E. *set doors* R. & L. 2 E.—*a table with writing materials, on* L. C., *a table* R. C. 3 E, *upon which are a liqueur case, and a remarkably long meerschaum pipe.* 2 *chairs on* L. H. 2 *chairs on* R. H. 1 E. 2 *chairs* R. & L. *of* C. D. *Carpet down.*

JOHN *discovered brushing a pair of pantaloons—on the ground before him is a pair of ladies' boots.*

John. The boots is right enough — and I think Miss Di's pantaloons will do now! (*grinning.*) Miss Di's pantaloons! how funny that do sound to be sure! (*taps at door,* L. H. 2 E.) Please miss, it's your lady's maid.

Enter CULPEPPER, C. D. L. H. *He evinces a strong attempt at military erectness of demeanour, the tout ensemble got up in the half-pay officer style —he speaks with an affectation of military gruffness and asperity.*

Cul., R. H. (*authoritatively.*) Hollo, John! what are you doing there?

John, L. H. It's Miss Di's things as I'm a takin' her.

Cul. Ha, ha, ha! a good joke! Why you obtuse rustic, Di's been out shooting these two hours.

John. What a hactive young lady it is.

(*Exit with boots and pantaloons*, D. L. H. 2 E.

Cul. Yes! I flatter myself, I haven't brought Di up in your modern boarding school style. No, no! activity, energy and military precision—that's my notion of education.

Re-enter JOHN, D. L. H. 2 E.

(*To* JOHN.) Now then, John, as I expect a gentleman from London, I'm going to have some friends to dinner, a few devilish pleasant military fellows, the officers of the West Dribbleton Militia—so you must get ready no end of grog and cold punch.

John, [L. H.] How mortal fond o' soldiers you do seem, sir.

Cul. Of course I am, John, it's natural enough — brothers in arms, you know.

John. Why, please, sir, I always thought you'd made your money with chicory and soap, in the grocery line.

Cul. [R.H.] Hold your tongue, you jackass. If ever I did meddle with groceries, it was on a gigantic scale, in connexion with the commissariat, many years ago, in India; when I was present, and indeed, I may almost say, took part in some of the most brilliant achievements ever performed by a British army.

John. How precious frightened you must ha' been, surely.

Cul. Frightened! you scoundrel, how dare you insinuate such a thing? No, John, the fire, the smoke, the roar of the cannon, all tended to rouse a warlike enthusiasm in my bosom; and, John, there were moments when I really felt—I felt as if—(*throwing himself into fencing attitude, and thrusting at* JOHN *with his walking stick,*) as if I could have—

John. Oh, don't, sir!

Cul. As a proof of my admiration for the military character, I determined, on my return to Europe, to allow my mustachios to grow; and—(*looking at* JOHN,) I tell you what it is, you turnip-headed rascal, if you don't qualify yourself for your present situation by getting up a pair within the next fortnight, you may look out for another place that's all.

John. But I'm a lady's maid, and ladies maids don't wear mustershoos.

Cul. No remark, small agriculturist; go and saddle my new high mettled charger, "Burrhampooter." I'm determined to have another try at him this morning.

John. What, that 'ere wicious, coffee-coloured animal?

Cul. Coffee-colored! faugh! chestnut, you donkey!

Exit JOHN, C. D. L. H.

How I do hate the sound of anything that reminds me of my old shop in London Wall. Is it possible that I—I, whom Nature evidently intended for a Wellington, or a Napoleon—can have made my fortune by the sale of sugar and soap? the idea's revolting.

Enter LOUISA, D. R. H. 2 E.

Louisa, [R. H.] Ah, my dear uncle, good morning.

Cul. [L. H.] Why, Louisa, you're up by times.

Louisa. To be sure I am; this is a grand day, you know. Cousin Di's intended is coming to-day.

Cul. How does that interest you?

Louisa. Why, don't you see, uncle, that as soon as Di's married I begin to stand a chance, but while she remains single, the gentleman will never take the least notice of me.

Cul. Dear me, what a desperate hurry the girls are in to get married, now-a-days. However, Louisa, I don't blame you; you must find it very dull here. You see, you're such a curious girl; you don't care about riding, or shooting, or billiards, or skittles, or any other

rational recreation. Yesterday I did my utmost to induce you to try your hand at snipe shooting, but it was of no use.

Louisa. My dear uncle, I confess I'm afraid of fire-arms.

Cul. Weak-minded female, how do you ever expect to get a husband?

Louisa. But, my dear uncle, everybody hasn't had the very peculiar education you have thought proper to give my cousin Di'.

Cul. Aha! a good sound hearty gymnastic education—no nonsense about it! My military predilection made me to long for a son—Fate thought proper to bestow on me a daughter—I have, therefore, done my best to make up for the disappointment by rendering my daughter as like a son as possible. My poor wife made me promise never to allow Di' to leave home until she was married—I determined therefore, to superintend her education myself; and so, the moment she had attained her fifth year, I popped my son Diana into pantaloons, and there she has remained ever since. (*Report of a gun heard without* L. H. U. E.) Do you hear that?—the young rascal's out shooting.

Louisa. She's a first rate shot, I know; but she's utterly incapable of hemming a pocket handkerchief.

Cul. I know she can't hem, but she swims like a dolphin, she can leap a four barred, and as to shooting, why she'll split a wafer at forty paces! What a soldier she would have made to be sure.

Louisa. There's one of her accomplishments that you've forgotten to mention; she's apt to use remarkably emphatic language at times. Yesterday, I distinctly heard her say—

Cul. What?

Louisa. Crikey!

Cul. A very mild and lady-like expression. The man who marries Di' will have somthing like a wife in her—she'll be as good as a husband to him. I've chosen for her a man, when I say a man I mean a man; none of your smooth faced exquisites, but the son of my old friend, Major Smith, who, if he is at all like his father, must be a thorough fire-eater.

Enter MR. SEPTIMUS SMITH, C. D. L. H., *dressed in a very fast costume—a neat little black leather sack in his hand.*

Smith. (*speaking as he enters.*) It's too bad—it's a great deal too bad to be letting of guns in this promiscuous manner. (*perceiving* CULPEPPER) I beg pardon. (*introducing himself.*) Mr. Semptimus Smith.

Cul. (L. H.) What, my future son-in-law? Smith, my boy, come to my arms. (*embraces him.*)

Smith. (C.) Gently—don't squeeze.

Cul. Why, what's the matter?

Smith. Well, I'll tell you; I was just now walking alongside of a hedge voluptuously inhaling the morning breeze, and indulging in appropriate quotations from "Thompson's Seasons," when suddenly the report of a gun meets my ear, and straightway I receive a volley of small shot.

Cul. Where?

Smith (*putting his hand into his coat pocket, and producing a pocket book.*) In my—in my pocket-book.

Louisa (R. H.) Dear me what a narrow escape.

Smith. unpleasantly narrow ! (*aside.*) What a remarkably nice looking girl—my intended, I presume. (*aloud.*) Introduce me to your daughter

Cul. My daughter ! don't alarm yourself, my boy, my daughter's a very superior article. (LOUISA *goes up stage*, R. H.) That's only my niece not a bad sort of a girl in her way—paints flowers upon velvet—does Berlin wool work, and all that sort of thing—slow, very. Louisa, my dear, ask Jane or Susan if Mr. Smith's room is ready for him. By the way, where's your luggage ?

Smith. I requested one of the porters to bring it here from the railroad station.

Cul. Very well ! then, Louisa, you can tell Susan to have Mr Smith's luggage carried into his room as soon as it arrives.

Louisa. (*aside*) Well I'm sure ! uncle's vastly polite, I declare.

Exit D. R. H. 2. F.

Cul. (*going to table*, R. 3. E. *holds up liqueur case, and coming down* R., *exclaims*) Brandy, whiskey, or rum ?

Smith. (L. H. *surprised.*) Eh ?

Cul. (R. H.) Brandy—whiskey, or rum ?

Smith. Thank you , I'm rather nervous just now—I should prefer a small glass of ginger wine.

Cul. Ginger wine ! the son of my old friend drink ginger wine ! You ! must be out of sorts, man.

Smith. I confess I don't feel exactly the thing.

Cul., (*presenting him with a pipe.*) Then blow a cloud my lad, that will soon set you all to rights.

Smith. Thank you, I don't smoke.

Cul. Don't smoke ! Come, that won't do—ha, ha, ha ! I see how it is, you're afraid I shall tell Di', you sly young dog you ! But no ceremony between you and your father's old brother in arms.

Smith. Dear me, I didn' know you had served—

Cul. Not precisely, but very nearly—I was with the army in India, so it comes to the same thing. (*Laughing with an affectation of ferocity.*) Ha, ha ! those were the times—when we wanted to light our pipes in those days, we used to set fire to a village—ha, ha !

(*Hunting horn heard without*, L. H. U. E.

Smith. What's that ? a mail coach ?

Cul. A mail coach, you pump ! that's Di' ; now I'll introduce you to something rather out of the common.

Enter DIANA, C. D. L. H., *dressed in a velvet shooting coat and trousers, a gun in her hand.*

Diana. [*speaking off as she enters.*] I say, John, see after those dogs, they've had sharp work this morning ; and, I say, John, try the new saddle on the pony ! [*Goes to table* R. H. 3 E., *and lays down gun.*

Smith. [*to* CULPEPPER.] What a fine young fellow—your son I presume.

Cul. To be sure, my son Diana, your wife that is to be, you lucky dog, you.

Smith. [*astounded.*] Do you mean to tell me that young fellow is to be my wife?

Cul. To be sure I do. Here, Di', my dear, [*Diana comes down* C.] allow me to present you to Mr. Septimus Smith. [*Aside to* DIANA.] The young fellow I told you of, you little rogue.

Diana, [C.] Well, old fellow, how are you?

Smith. Well, how are you? I—

Diana. Hold hard a moment. [*Goes to* C. D. *and speaks off.*] I say, John, while I think of it, just cut an inch or so off that pony's tail. [*Comes down.*] Now then, old fellow, what were you trying to say?

Smith. I—I was about to express my delight—

Diana. Oh, never mind all that! I say, I've had such sport this morning—very near shooting more than my bag would hold. What do you think? I saw something moving along the other side of a hedge—made sure it was a hare—bang I let fly—"Hallo!" roars a voice, "I'm sure I'm hit!" Ha, ha, ha! instead of a hare, I had peppered some unfortunate pedestrian! ha, ha, ha! [SMITH *rubs his thigh.*] If you had only heard what a fuss the fellow made, and it was only small shot after all.

Smith. [*Aside.*] I'm very grateful it was no larger!

Enter JOHN, C. D. L. H., *running.*

John. Please sir, the coffee-colored hanimal's *at* the door.

Cul. [*roaring.*] Chestnut, you idiot! [*To* SMITH.] Excuse me, I'm just going to break in a high-mettled chestnut charger that I bought the other day. [*Going.*] *Exit* JOHN, C. D. L. H.

Smith, [*alarmed.*] But I say, you're surely not going to leave us together already?

Cul. Of course I am. [*Aside.*] Now then, courage, my lad, on to the attack, and when I return let me find that you have won her heart in true military style. [*Exit,* C. D. L. H.

Diana, [R. H.] [*Approaching* SMITH.] Well, Smith, I hear you've come down with the intention of making up to me.

Smith, [L. H.] Well, I'm going to try—

Diana. Very good; I've no particular objection! I must first of all reckon you up, see what sort of a fellow you are you know, and then I'll make up my mind without any shilly-shally at once.

Smith. Believe me, my dear sir—[*correcting himself.*] I mean my dear young person, it shan't be—

Diana. [*Interrupting him.*] Why, what an ugly tie you've got on.

Smith. Don't you like it? I'll put on another as soon as my luggage arrives.

Diana. Do—for that thing fidgets me. Well, old fellow I must be off—we shall run across each other again presently. [*Holds out her hand—they shake hands vigorously.*

Smith. I'm afraid I've been too reserved here—pardon me, my dear young person—

Diana. Drive on old *fellar*.

Smith. A—a—how are you? [*Holding out his hand.*]

Diana. How are you? [*They shake hands again.—Aside.*] What a slow coach it is! *Exit*, C. D. L. H.

Smith. Well, I was aware, through the illustrations of *Punch*, that some startling novelties had been lately introduced into female costume; but that young lady's notions of dress are decidedly in advance of the age we live in. However, she looked quite killing in that little shooting jacket.

Re-enter JOHN, C. D. L. H.

John. Please sir, your happartment's ready, and your luggage is *put* in it.

[*Points to room* D. R. H. 1 E., *and hands him his bag.*

Smith. Thank you, I have no doubt that on better acquaintance my intended will turn out to be a very nice young fellow.

[*Exit* D. R. H. 1 E.

Enter CULPEPPER, C. D. L. H., *all over mud, rubbing his arm.*

Cul. [*Angrily—down* L. H.] Confound the vicious animal!

John. What's the matter now, sir?

Cul. The spiteful brute has pitched me off.

John. What, the coffee-colored hanimal?

Cul. Coffee—chestnut you idiot! I was no sooner on than I was off again; but I know how it was, John, I didn't rein him in tight enough.

John. What a precious mess you're in, sir.

Cul. Just give me a brush, John, and I'll have another shy at the obstinate brute.

John. If you're going to have another shy at 'un, I'd better put off the brushing until arterwards.

Enter LOUISA, D. R. H. 2 E.

Louisa. Oh, my dear uncle, how sorry I am to hear you've had a fall.

Cul. You see, my dear Louisa, I didn't rein him in tight enough.

Louisa. You're not hurt, I hope?

Cul. [*Rubbing his shoulder.*] Not much—but I'll have another touch at the obstinate brute.

Louisa. You'd much better leave him alone.

Cul. [*Impressively.*] My dear neice, the man who suffers himself to be overcome by a horse, is unworthy to bestride a donkey.

Louisa. My dear uncle, maxims like these will break your neck some of these days.

Cul. Then I'll break my neck—but I'll teach the villain!

[*Exit*, C. D. L. H.

John. [*Flourishing brush*] We'll teach the villain!

[*Exit* C. D. L. H.

Louisa. Poor uncle, I'm afraid he'll never make much of a rider

Enter SMITH, D. R. H. 1 E.

Smith. [*as he enters.*] She said she did not like my other tie, so I've put on one with a little more color in it. Ah, the little cousin.

Louisa. What, alone, sir? I imagined you were with Miss Culpepper.

Smith. I'm looking for her. [*Aside.*] I'll take the opportunity of making a few inquiries on the subject of my intended. [*Aloud.*] What an uncommonly nice girl your cousin is—so meek, so retiring—

Louisa. Yes, she is indeed a charming young person.

Smith. And yet, do you know, between you and me, it strikes me she is rather—that's to say, she is just a little—isn't she now.

Louisa. She is a charming young person.

Smith. Precisely my opinion. Her manners are so mild, her style of costume so remarkably quiet and unobtrusive, and then she looks so bewitching in her shooting jacket, that when in ball costume, I'm sure she must be irresisitble.

Louisa. She certainly is a charming young person.

Smith. She is indeed; besides, I understand, that to every brilliant accomplishment, she adds every domestic virtue—no one better versed in the domestic economy of a household—the jam and pickle department—how to kill blackbeetles—and all that sort of thing.

Louisa. There's no denying that she is a charming young person.

Smith. [*Aside.*] How she keeps saying that over and over again. [*Aloud.*] Is she anything of a musician.

Louisa. She plays the cornet beautifully. [*Eagerly.*] My dear sir, I trust you will do your utmost to obtain her hand—you will now, won't you?

Smith. (*aside.*) She seems very anxious on the subject—I wonder if she's to receive a commission on the transaction. (*aloud.*) You appear greatly interested in my success. But where is the lovely Diana all this time?

Louisa. Dressing, I presume; doing her utmost to render herself agreeable in the eyes of her future husband.

Smith. Ah, then, I shall now have the pleasure of beholding her in legitimate female attire, with the due proportion of flounce and crinoline.

Diana. (*without,* C. D. L. H.) John, you needn't go—I've changed my mind.

Louisa. Here she comes—I'll leave you. (*going to* D. R. H. 2 E.) I say, Mr. Smith, do try and get her to have you—do, now!

Exit, D. R. H. 2 E.

Smith. She comes!—(*fumbling in his pockets.*) the moment for presenting my earrings is at hand! I'll insert them myself!—entrancing thought!

Enter DIANA *in same dress as before,* C. D. L. H.

Diana. (*down* R. H.) I told you I shouldn't be long.

Smith. (L. H. *holding in his hand a small jewel box and a fan—aside*) Still got 'em on!

Diana. (R. H. *perceiving jewel box.*) Why, what have you got there?

Smith. (*opening box and presenting it.*) A pair of earrings.

Diana. Why you don't mean to say you wear this sort of thing?

Smith. No!—I have brought them with the intention of offering them to—

Diana. Whom?

Smith. To you.

Diana. Ha, ha, ha!—come, now, you don't mean that! You don't suppose I'd walk with a pair of decanter stoppers dangling from my ears; besides, I've got no holes in my ears to hook 'em in.

Smith. (*aside disconcerted*) Cost me twenty pounds the pair, and calls 'em decanter stoppers!—nice ideas of jewelry she seems to have. (*aloud.*) Possibly this fan may suit you better.

Diana. (*taking it.*) Dear me, how very pretty!

Smith. (*aside.*) Come, that's lucky.

Diana. (*examining fan.*) A stag and dogs—a hunting subject, I declare; but what am I to do with it?

Smith. Oh, when you're unpleasantly warm, you've only to—(*imitating the action of fanning.*)

Diana. La, bless ye, when I'm unpleasantly warm, I just have out the pony, and canter along till I get cool again.

Smith. A very excellent plan, I've no doubt; but if you're in a ball-room, you can't have out your pony their.

Diana. (*returning fan.*) And so you brought me this to cool myself with, did you? Ha, ha, ha! what a curious fellow you are.

Smith. (*aside.*) Another time I'll bring her a cricket bat, or a revolver.

Diana. Hallo, you've changed your tie.

Smith. Yes, you said you didn't—

Diana. Well, of the two I prefer the other.

Smith. (*aside.*) Upon my life there's no pleasing this whimsical young lady; however, I'll try how a little of the tender will do. (*gets chairs.*) Will you sit down?

[*They sit,* DIANA *crosses her legs*—SMITH *looks at her, then pulls up his trousers and shows socks.*]

Smith. Do you like my socks?

Diana. Oh, yes.

Smith. I'll buy you a pair—only a shilling.

Diana. Tell me, are you anything of a shot?

Smith. Not much; I seem to answer better as a target. (*aside.*] Confound this male attire, it quite checks the flow of one's ideas. [*aloud.*] I understood that you were going to dress—

Diana. Well, what do you call this?

Smith. Very pretty, no doubt; but not in the least suggestive to a young gentleman about to propose.

Diana. Don't I look well in it?

Smith. The object of one's affections looks well in anything—you'd

look well in jack boots. Oh, Diana, when two fond hearts—I mean when one fond heart—no, I mean when two fond hearts—[*aside, rising.*] I can't do it—I can't get the steam up while she's got those things on.

Diana. I say old fellow, you don't seem at all well—what's the matter with you?

Smith. (*sitting down again.*) I eat half a pint of gooseberries as I came along. Oh, Diana, who could resist those charms—those arms of Parian marble—[*aside.*) Confound the coat sleeves; [*aloud*] those hands whiter then driven snow. [*aside.*] She's put them in her pockets. I'll make a rush! (*aloud.*) Oh, Diana—(*puts his arm round her waist.*)

Diana. (*rising*) Gently, my good fellow—hold hard! what are you about?

Smith. I don't know—I think I was brushing away a fly. (*aside.*) It's of no use—I shall never be able to do it while she's got up in this style.

Diana. Upon my word, Smith, you're a very extraordinary sort of fellow! come and see my dogs.

Smith. Thank you—I don't care about dogs.

Diana. That being the case, then, I'm off. (*holding out her hand.*)

Smith. (*shaking hands with her, aside,*) What a deuce of a fellow it is for shaking hands.

Diana. (*aside, going*) What a singular mortal—he is about the slowest coach I ever met with. Ha, ha, ha! (*Exit,* C. D. L. H.

Smith. A nice person that, to lead to the hymeneal altar! pretty mother of a family he'd make! Why, the children wouldn't know which was the father. I wonder now if she's got such a thing as a gown at all?

Enter JOHN, C. D L. H. *down* L. H.

John. Master's been ten minutes a gettin' on, it won't take him ten minutes to get off again.

Smith. (*aside.*) Ah! the servant—I'll ask him a question or two. Come here, John; hasn't your young master got any ladies' dresses?

John. What, Miss Di? Oh, yes, sir; she's got one, which she makes herself oncomfortable in, whenever we have strangers to dinner, sir, but then she's got no end of summer trousers.

Smith. Summer trousers! nice wardrobe for a young lady! What does she do with herself all day long?

John. Oh, she does all manner o'things; she rides, fences, swims—

Smith. What?

John. Swims.

Smith. Go along! you don't mean to say she goes so?

[*imitates swimming.*

John. Every morning.

Smith. Well I never! What else does she do?

John. She practises her pistol shooting—oh she's a splendid shot! she could smash a fly on the tip o'your nose.

Smith. Lor! but does she never stitch, or embroider, or poke holes in somthing and sew them up again?

John. Oh, no! that ain't in Miss Di's line at all.

Smith. Well I never! (*aside* x. *to* L. H.) However, it seems she has got a gown somewhere—I shouldn't like to speak to her on the subject, so I'll write her a line and beg her to do me the favor to put it on. John, I'll get you to deliver a letter for me [*sits at table* L. H. *and writes.*]

John. Cert'nly, sir. [*holding hand out significantly.*) Hope you're satisfied with the information I've given you, sir?

(*Pauses and then repeats his observation.*

Smith. (*writing.*) Oh, perfectly.

John. (*aside.*) What a stingy chap it is!

Smith. (*folding up letter.*) Cutting—sarcastic—we'll see what effect that will have on her? (*reading address on envelope, as he writes.*) "Mister Culpepper, Junior." (*gives letter to* JOHN, *and as he enters door,* R. H 1. E.) I flatter myself that will sting her.

Exit, D. R. H. 1 E.

John. (*reading address.*) Ha! ha! "Mr. Culpepper, Juner, Juner!"

Enter Diana, C. D. L. H. *down* R.

Diana. There's something the matter with my bull terrier, Dido—the poor beast mopes dreadfully.

John. A letter for you, miss.

Diana. For me? hand it over.

John. Dear me—I must run and pick up master, he's off by this time. *Exit,* C. D. L. H.

Diana. (*reading.*) "*To Mr. Culpepper, Junior— My dear young lady, I came here for the purpose of being introduced to my intended wife, judge of my surprise, on finding that the lady in question was a remarkably handsome young man.*"—Why, the rascal's making game of me—[*reads.*] "*a wife is generally considered an essential item in every well organized married couple—of us two, surely I cannot be expected to represent that character, and therefore, should you undertake the part, I shall feel greatly obliged by your performing it in appropriate costume.*" (*crumbling up letter.*) The insolent scoundrel! we'll see whether he's to insult me in this manner with impunity. [*knocks at* D. R. H. 1 E., *with handle of her riding whip.*] I say, Mister what's your name—

Enter SMITH, D. R. H. 1 E.

Smith. May I inquire—

Diana. Is this your handwriting?

Smith. (*aside.*) My missive has taken effect I see.

Diana. You admit that this epistle is yours?

Smith. A little crumpled perhaps, but mine beyond a doubt.

Diana. Are you prepared, this very instant, to withdraw the offensive observation in which you have dared to indulge?

Smith. Allow me to remark that if either of us has anything to *withdraw—*(*looking significantly at Diana's pantaloons.*] it certainly isn't me.

Diana. (*angrily.*) So, sir, you have the audacity to turn me into ridicule, have you?

Smith. Not for the world. I—

Diana. [*walking close up to him.*] You presume to read me a lesson do you?

Smith. (*retreating.*) I merely wished to offer you a little advice—

Diana. Which I do not choose to receive, sir.

Smith. (*still retreating.*) By Jove, what a young vixen.

Diana. [*following him up.*] I flatter myself I know how to distinguish between friendly advice and obtrusive impertinence. [*throws at him the fragments of the letter which she has been tearing up.*

Smith. (*aside.*) Oh! I've swallowed my false tooth!

Diana. Hark ye, sir, (*in a mysterious tone.*) at the end of the park there's a lonely avenue —

Smith. (*aside.*) Is she going to challenge me, I wonder?

Diana. To-morrow morning at eight I shall expect you there; come prepared to make a sweeping apology, or to receive a good sound horsewipping.

Smith. (*aside*) A horsewipping from the object of my affections!

Diana. Here's my father—not a word before him.

Enter Culpepper, C. D. L. H. *down* C., *covered with mud.*

Cul. (C., *rubbing his elbow.*) The devil take that high mettled chestnut charger!

Smith. [R. H.] What's the matter now?

Cul. (C.) The brute has thrown me again, that's all; but I know how it was, I reined him in too tight again. Come, my turtle doves, how are you getting on?

Diana. (L. H. *looking daggers at Smith.*) Oh, admirable!

Smith. (*aside.*) What a ferocious glance that was.

Cul. I'm afraid I've interrupted a tender tete-a-tete.

Smith. Remarkably tender! we were billing and cooing in a way pecooliar to ourselves.

Diana. (*significantly.*) We were arranging a little pleasure party.

Cul. Not for to-day, I hope; I expect company to dinner you know; and the guests will soon begin to arrive. Di', you had better dress to receive them.

Diana. I will, father. (*going* L.)

Cul. But my dear Di', is that the way to leave your fond and faithful lover? Come, now, my children, I permit you to embrace one another—I won't look.

Smith. [*aside.*] The devil he does!

Diana. (*aside.*) Embrace him, not I! (*approaching Smith, and while pretending to embrace him, whispers.*) To-morrow at eight!

Smith. [*in a melodramatic tone.*] I shall be there!

Diana slaps him violently on the back and runs off, D. L. H. 2 E.

Cul. Smith, my boy, I'm a man of penetration, I can see you've made a formidable impression upon my daughter's heart.

Smith. I don't know what impression I've made on her heart, I

know she's made a violent one on my back—but there's one little circumstance which I should like to talk over with you.

Cul. By-and bye, my dear boy, by-and-by—I must run and dress, for my military friends will be here shortly. [*calling.*] John!

Enter John, C. D. L. H.

Get me out a white cravat and place my dress coat in readiness. [*rubbing himself.*] I wish I'd thought twice before I'd bought that high mettled chestnut charger; but I'll break him in.

Exit, D. L. H 1 E.

John. We'll tickle his toby! *Exit,* D. L. H. 1 E.

Smith. Well, this is remarkably pleasant, certainly,—here I am with the agreeable prospect of a horsewhipping from the young lady I've come to pop the question to. How very necessary it is to study the character of the person you intend to marry. Bless my soul, if this little termagant should ever become Mrs. Smith, I should be obliged to sleep with pistols under my pillow, and a sword by the bedside, and if ever I presumed to find fault with what there was for dinner, I should be forthwith requested to name my time, place and weapons! I think my wisest plan will be to return to town by the very next train. Ah! the little cousin again.

Enter Louisa, D. R. H. 2 E.

Louisa. [*eagerly.*] Well, Mr. Smith, how are you getting on?

Smith. My great anxiety at the present moment is to know how to get off. You don't happen to know when the next train leaves for London?

Louisa. [*astonished.*] But surely you're not going—

Smith. I must confess, I'm sneaking off in the most contemptible manner, to escape a horsewhipping from the object of my affections.

Louisa. [*disappointed*] Then you're not going to marry her?

Smith. I fervently hope not—I'd as soon think of marrying Gordon Cumming, the Lion Slayer.

Louisa. Dear, dear, how very unfortunate; what an unlucky girl I am!

Smith. You!

Louisa. [*eagerly.*] But perhaps you'll persuade one of your friends to have her, do—there's a good fellow!

Smith. Well, I know a major in the Horse Artillery, who, with a deal of persuasion might be induced to sacrifice himself. Ah, if you were the lady—

Louisa. I!

Smith. Ay, you're a real woman, you are—you've got shoulders, you have, and I can see 'em.

Louisa. [*confused.*] Really, sir, I—

Smith. Allow me to ask you a question. Did you ever have your ears pierced?

Louisa. (*surprised.*) Yes!

Smith. Stop a moment then. [*fumbles in his pocket.*] Here, my dear young lady, accept these and this.

(*giving earrings and fan.*

Louisa. [*taking them.*] But why give them to me?

Smith. Because you're lovely, irresistible; and really I see no reason why I shouldn't—

Louisa. Shouldn't what?

Smith. After all—why shouldn't I? I came here to marry somebody, why shouldn't I have her as well as anybody else? [*abruptly.*] Can you swim?

Louisa. No.

Smith. Can you fence?

Louisa. No.

Smith. Can you smash a fly on the tip of a man's nose?

Louisa. Dear me no!

Smith. That being the case, I at once offer you my hand and heart.

Louisa. Nonsense, sir, impossible!

Smith. You disdain my suit?

Louisa. It would be very wrong of my to rob cousin Di' of her young man.

Smith. I'm not her young man—I'm only the young man she's going to horsewhip.

Louisa. No sir, I cannot think of encouraging your addresses until I have received my cousin's consent to my doing so.

Smith. I'll get your cousin's consent; but first of all, let me nerve myself for the arduous enterprise with a kiss.

[*as he is kissing her,*

Enter Diana, D. L. H. 2 E., *elegantly dressed in female costume.*

Louisa utters an exclamation, and runs off, D. R. H. 2 E.

Smith. [*aside.*] By Jove, she saw us—so much the better.

Diana. [*somewhat piqued.*] Pray don't let me disturb you—you were conversing, I think with my cousin. [*angrily.*] Perhaps, sir you will explain what you mean by—

Smith. [*struck by the change in her dress.*] Why, I declare, you've taken off your—and put on your—

Diana. [*sharply.*] Never mind me, sir; we were speaking of my cousin.

Smith. Ah, you observed that little affectionate demonstration? I really couldn't help it; I was so delighted at meeting with a real genuine female woman, the only specimen of the genus I had met with in the neighborhood, I could'nt help it; and what's a young man to do when he can't help it?

Diana. May I inquire what you call me, sir?

Smith. Well, now you've put on your lady's dress, you belong to the fairer portion of creation. What a difference between you and your cousin.

Diana. [*disdainfully.*] A little milk and water girl!

Smith. I grant you she is your inferior in many respects. She does n't know how to swim, has never horsewhipped anybody, and as to shooting, I'll wager she's utterly incapable of hitting a haystack.

Diana. You'd better mind what you're about, sir.

Smith. She blushes when people look at her, and casts down her eyes. [*Diana casts down her eyes.*] Ah! much in that style. [*Diana looks hastily up again.*] You see we men, I say *we men!* like that sort of thing—strength, courage and determination are the attributes of *us men*, but in a woman, we seek for gentleness, mildness, and confiding timidity.

Diana. [*aside*] He doesn't reason so badly, either. [*aloud.*] I admit that my cousin Louisa has been better educated, more carefully brought up than I—I have no doubt also—[*piqued.*] you think her much prettier.

Smith. Prettier—oh, no! on the contrary,—you are lovely, and when you have your hair parted down the middle, over your nose, you'll be charming.

Diana. Oh, I don't pretend to know much about dress— besides, I've no lady's maid.

Smith. [*eagerly.*] Will you allow me to officiate in that capacity?

Diana. Sir! [*Smith places chair. Diana sits aside.*] I'm beginning to think he's not such a very stupid fellow, after all.

Smith [*arranging her hair.*] And when this curl falls gracefully so, and this one so,—I'm considered to have considerable taste in hair dressing.

Diana. [*aside.*] He really is very obliging.

Smith. [*admiringly*] Those beautiful arms—what a shame it was to imprison them in the sleeves of a shooting jacket— your darling little feet, too—what a shame to encase them in a pair of double-soled Balmorals.

Diana. [*laughing.*] Do you think so?

Smith. And those shoulders—oh! those shoulders—they've done for me. [*kissing her shoulder.*]

Diana. [*not altogether displeased.*] Mr. Smith, what are you about sir?

Smith. Let me have another—only let me have another, and I'll consent to undergo horsewhipping every day, for the rest of me life.

Enter Louisa, D. R. H. 2 E.

Louisa. [*hastily, aside to Smith.*] Do you call this asking permission?

Smith. [*aside.*] The little cousin—I'd forgotten all about her. [*to Louisa mysteriously.*] Man is the creature of destiny—I am the creature of destiny. I made you an offer—forget it—I can't do it now —Fate has willed it otherwise.

Louisa. [*disappointed.*] Eh?

Smith. Never mind; I'll telegraph up to London for a husband for you.

Louisa. Will you though? What's his profession?

Smith. He's in the "Woods and Forests"—he does nothing all day from ten to four, and gets three hundred a year for it.

Louisa. [*delighted.*] That will just do!

Diana. [*approaching Smith, and pinching his arm.*] What are you saying to me cousin, sir?

Smith. [*aside—much pleased.*] Jealous, by Jupiter! The woman's beginning to peep out.

Enter Culpepper, D. L. H. 1 E.

My dear sir, let me congratulate you upon the possession of the most charming daughter that ever father was blessed with.

Cul. You're right there, my boy. Stop till you see her on horseback. Di,' you shall try my high mettled chestnut charger to-morrow.

Diana. [c.] No, dear father; I think I prefer the pony.

Cul. You don' t mean to say you're afraid?

Diana. Oh, dear no; but you see, my dear father, a young lady—

Smith. Is one thing, and a tamer of wild animals is another. [*leading Diana towards front of stage.*] Does our appointment for to-morrow morning hold good?

Diana. [*archly*] I think we may consider that little affair arranged. I yield the point at issue, and promise to discard shooting jackets and study the "Lady's Book of Fashions" for the future. Yes, [*to Smith.*] I feel that you were right. Prowess and dexterity are the attributes of man, but a woman's best accomplishments are those which render her useful at home. I've a great deal to learn, I know, but if a willing heart makes an apt scholar, you may rely on the rapid progress of—

Cul. [*taking her hand.*] My son—Diana!

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